

CHANGING
TIMES

ANNIVERSARY

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CHANGING

TIMES

Helping Time To Serve The Inmate

CHANGING TIMES is published monthly by the Library Department of the Regional Reception Centre at Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Written, produced and edited by inmates, it is intended to act as a medium to bring about better and lasting understanding among the inmates and, at the same time be an instrument of communication with the outside world.

Permission for publication of material in CHANGING TIMES is encouraged on the understanding that usual credit be given.

Unsolicited submissions will be welcome but we regret that we cannot promise the return of manuscripts.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 a year. Write us at this address:

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The opinions expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent those of the Administration.

Comments, pro and con, are welcome.

December 1974

By Permission Of

J.D. Clark
Director

M.R. Clarke
Librarian

Liaison Officer

Inmate Editor

Bob

FEATURES

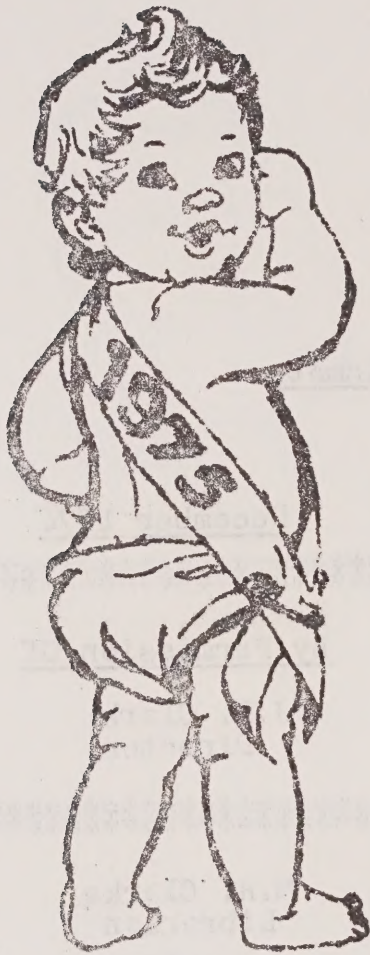
The Think Tank

Dear Abie

Ode To An Ex Con's Wife

The Masters Touch

Pass The Liniment and Tape



Whenever a milestone is reached, no matter the aspect, one has reason to feel a slight touch of pride. We have reached a milestone - and I feel a little proud!

This is the Anniversary issue of our magazine - a magazine that was given very little chance of ever getting off the so-called launching pad.

I don't know how far we have managed to get off that pad, but there is the satisfaction in knowing that we alone in the area have managed to keep a full year in our favour. Granted, we did miss one - but that was not really our fault.

In the past year, CHANGING TIMES has progressed from a two-page newsletter to its present form - and we still have far to go. And we will get there!

Also, in the past year, I have been called quite a few names in the course of events. I expected this when I agreed to undertake it in the first place. There is always a negative attitude within any institution - but it is far outweighed by the positive faction.

What do we have planned for the coming year? I really cannot be a crystal ball reader in this case. We have ideas we would like to see end up as reality, but one must remember that trying to publish a magazine, periodical, whatever, from within the walls presents headaches and problems that could never be encountered anywhere else. It is my firm belief, however, that I have just enough cussedness to say we will be around for another twelve months.

On that thought, let me wish you and yours the best of the holiday season and may 1975 see nothing but happiness for everyone.

B. B.

GREENING

FROM THE ADMINISTRATION

May the peace and good will that the birth of Christ symbolizes be with every one of you. May it also be an inspiration to cause each of you to reflect on your life and realize that there has to be a better future for you, if you will only try.

My most earnest wish and desire for each one of you is that you make a personal resolve to live a Christian life, and, in doing so, free yourselves from the human waste of incarceration.

May God be with you this Christmas, in the New Year, and throughout your life.

J.D. Clark
Director

May the peace and joy associated with this festive season be shared by you all.

"The mind is its own place,
And in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell,
A hell of heaven...."

(John Milton)

I hope that in the hours of solitude in the coming weeks, as many of you as possible will find a path in life for yourselves and that you will have the wherewithall to persue that path to its end.

M.J. Nolan
AD (D & PP)

Christmas will soon be with us and then gone. The old year will go and a new one will be upon us. People all over exchange good wishes - and then it is over.

Please, Jesus, why did you come? And what should it mean to us? And I hear Jesus answer and plainly say to me and to all of us in answering my questions, and I read in Luke 6: "Any man who desires to come to me will hear my words and put them into practice, and he may be likened to a man who, in building a home, dug deeply and laid the foundation on a rock. When the torrents of the flood came, the torrents failed to shake it on its solid foundation.

This is what we all have to do and this I wish to everyone for Christmas and the coming year that we may put into practice the words of Christ and so bring peace to the heart of man - and first of all, peace with God. Then peace with ourselves, and then peace with our neighbours. Let us all, you and me, put this into practice.

God bless you and bring you peace at Christmas time and give me the strength to be a good Priest to all.

Fr. A.C. Hendrix
R.C. Padre

" Great is the mystery of our religion
That Christ appeared in human form..."

so writes an author of the first century Christian experience.

What is there about this person, Christ, that creates such attention and about whom the element of mystery continues?

At this Christmastide the Christian community throughout the world, in all manner of places and conditions, reflects on that mystery and that person. We are reminded of the whole life-event of this man, Jesus, who is described by St. Luke as one who went about doing good and healing men of their bodily and mental sicknesses; that he was put to death by crucifixion; that he was raised to life on the third day. His commitment to "The Kingdom Of God" and His personal dedication to its realization is evident from parables and statements quoted from a variety of sources.

Christmas is the annual commemoration of that New Beginning which individually, we too are offered. To wish you a blessed Christmas is for me, to extend to you the Joy and Life of Christ; the offering of this New Birth.

J.F. Flindall
Chaplain (P)

EMANUEL - GOD WITH US

A little boy and his sister were found wandering in a woods, and when asked where they were going, replied, " We are trying to find God."

This question may be childlike, but not childish. It is perhaps the most asked question on the lips of mankind. Job of old, in a moment of frustration and discouragement, cried out " O that I knew where I might find Him."

This is what Christmas is all about. It is the good news that the search has ended - that God has found us. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.

An atheist was on his death-bed. He was visited by a little girl from next door. She had attended Sunday school and believed very implicitly in God. As she stood by the bedside, her eyes seemed to be focused on a large plaque hanging on the wall just over the

bed. The old man asked her why she kept looking at the sign. "I thought you would not like it as it reads 'God Is Nowhere.'"

"Oh, no," she said. " It reads 'God is now here!'"

That is the true meaning of Christmas. God is now here as Saviour.

Brigadier Greenwood
Salvation Army Chaplain

May I, at this time of rejoicing, take this opportunity to wish each and every one of you, on behalf of the Classification Department, my sincere wishes for the Merriest Of Christmases - and may the coming year see all your wishes attain fruition.

A.D. Settrington
Head, Classification

Best wishes to one and all. May everyone have a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

Social Development

YOUR INMATE COMMITTEE

The Christmas season is here and, for most of us, our thoughts go out to our families. What could I possibly say that would reduce the frustration and anxiety that is felt because we are here - not there with them?

Christmas reminds me of the little ones, and which one of us wouldn't give almost anything to be there with them and to see their joyous expressions when they open their much-awaited gifts from "Santa"?

So, in this message, I sincerely wish that, not we, our families have a joyous and Merry Christmas and - above all - that no one, but most especially our children, have to suffer for our being here.

There is a special feeling at Christmas. If only this feeling and attitude that surrounds us on this special day could carry over for each day of the new year, not only this place but the whole world would be a much better place in which to live.

TAKE time to give. It is too short a day to be selfish - and take time to laugh for it is music to the soul.

YOUR COMMITTEE

S.O Myers
J.M. Cote

TRIBUTES

ON THE COMPLETION OF OUR FIRST YEAR

I would be grateful if you would see fit to publish my congratulations to you on marking the first anniversary of the publication of "Changing Times".

I have no reservations in stating it is the best penal publication I know of. Keep up the good work.

J.D. Clark
Director

This issue of "Changing Times" is the first anniversary of our prison paper. I'd like very much to congratulate Murray Clarke, our Librarian and Bob, the Inmate Editor, for producing a paper marked with the unique individuality and pleasant format that this monthly has had.

A lot of hard work and negotiation "up front" has gone into the transposition of a great idea into an even greater reality.

J.F. Flindall
Chap. (P)

At this time I would like to congratulate the Editorial Staff and all those responsible for the publication of "Changing Times".

The development of the "Times" from a two-page news letter to its present status can in large part be attributed to the hard work and considerable effort of its staff.

As Chairman of the Editorial Committee, I look forward to further progress in the new year and take this opportunity to wish the editor and staff even greater success in the months to come. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

G.J. Rhodes
Head Education and
Vocational Guidance.

SORRY!

Due to unavoidable circumstances, it is necessary to omit three features this month; "The Crying Corner" and the coverage of the "Open A.A. Meeting" and the appearance of "The Rob Roy Dance Troupe". Apologies, folks. Watch next month.

SPECIAL FEATURE

NOTE:

The following first appeared, many years ago, in the K.P. Telescope. Since that time, it has been reprinted in Penal Press Magazines all over the world - as well as in a great many newspapers.

We have received a great many requests for copies of this feature - so it is with pleasure that we, again, reprint.....

ODE TO AN EX-CON'S WIFE

The time has passed, I'm home at last,
Hello!, my darling wife;
I've paid for sin, now, let's begin
Another start in life.

I'll never rob, I'll get a job,
You see, I've got a trade;
I'm sure, my dear, the people here
Will need some mail bags made!

I've got a scheme, my little dream,
To keep me out of jail;
It's simple, see, like one, two, three
I'm sure it cannot fail.

Depends on you, here's what to do,
Just stick with me, and then -
In every way, both night and day,
Remind me of the "Pen"!

Paint the walls, the rooms and halls,
A morbid dingy gray;
And let a gust of wind and dust,
Blow in here every day.

In winter, sweet, turn off the heat,
And let the darkness in;
If it should be too cold for me,
Walk by my room and grin!

Give me a broom to sweep my room,
But, cut the handle through;
Give me a light that's not too bright,
A forty watt will do!

A table here, a wooden chair
A rag to wash the floor;
Another thing, be sure to string
An earphone near my door!

Back there in jail, I use a pail
To shave with - a looking glass;
Give me a blade that someone made
To use for cutting grass.

And, Dear, I hope, you'll give me soap
That never lathers up;
A brush that's tough, so hard and rough
A plain metallic cup.

If you and me should watch TV,
I musn't hear a sound;
So, yell, my sweet, and stamp your feet
Then move your chair around.

We'll go to church, but you must search
This guy when he comes out;
Be on your toes and search my clothes
Each time I move about.

Each time I wash, be sure to squash
My clothes up in a ball;
Then put them in a metal bin,
My shoes, my pants and all.

Include two socks, within the box,
One short and one too long;
Never admit that they didn't fit,
Just sneer and say "You're wrong!"

A cigarette?, Oh, thanks, my pet,
But not a tailor made;
Those years alone, I rolled my own,
On the salary I was paid.

An ash tray, boss, no thanks, I'll toss
My butts upon the rug;
A drinking glass? I'll have to pass,
I'll use a metal mug!

When I am ill, give me a pill,
Don't try to understand;
Just send me off to choke and cough,
As long as I can stand.

If I complain about a pain,
Just stare me in the eye;
Say, "Okay, jerk! Get back to work,
Your kind will never die!"

For supper make a rubber steak
Or serve some leather pork;
Use lots of lard, and fry it hard,
Until it bends my fork.

Then heap some suds upon my spuds,
Or bake them, dear, in sand;
Make sure the skin is not too thin,
To break with mortal hand.

Whatever you fix, be sure to mix,
The courses all in one;
Carrots and peas, and maybe cheese,
Spill tea upon my bun.

When serving tea, it ought to be
Cold as the Warden's heart;
And make the bread like heavy lead,
That I can't tear apart.

And when you bake, for goodness sake,
Put raisins in the pies;
But crunch them well so I can't tell,
The currants from the flies.

It's understood that pie is good,
With cole slaw on the top;
My memory brings ne many things,
That you can splash on top.

Now don't you set the table, pet,
For I'm not used to that;
Three times a day, give me a tray,
Then, vamoose! Beat it! Scat!

I'd like it fine, if I could dine,
Inside the bathroom, dear;
Near sink and bowl (ignore the hole!)
I'm used to that, I fear!

When I have ate, if it's not too late,
I'll walk around the yard;
But I want you to dress in blue,
Pretend that you're the guard.

Or, better still, if you will,
Watch me walk up and down;
And give me hell, be sure to yell
"Hey! Get in line, you clown!"

And when the sun shows day is done,
Don't come to bed with me;
Many a year, upon the tier,
I slept alone, you see.

And don't you fret, my little pet,
As you may use the den;
We'll shout and call across the hall,
As I did while in the "Pen"!

That mattress is too soft, gee whiz,
Get me some other kind;
That's full of lumps and many bumps,
That stick in my behind.

The blankets, too, will never do,
They're much too soft and fine;
Get me a pair that horses wear;
And smell like turpentine.

Don't set the clock, and don't you knock
To wake me anymore;
Just use a bell, ring it like hell,
Outside my bedroom door.

When I get up, give me a cup
Of coffee, muddy brown;
And make my toast pale as a ghost,
Or black as a judge's gown.

You want me home, no more to roam,
Then heed my little tale;
So I'll recall the months, and all
The years I spent in jail.

Remind me, dear, all through the year,
In everything I do;
And you can bet, a million, pet,
I'll stay right here with you.

SEASONS GREETINGS

It is the sincere wish of the Library Staff
and Changing Times that each and every one enjoy
this festive season to the fullest.

May 1975 prove to be bountiful for one and
all. May all the felons be released - and may
all the "free people" stay that way.



SPORT-SCOPE



WITH "ALKY"

Well, here we go again - a new month and a new column. Quite a lot has happened in the past month in the Floor Hockey League but because of the gap between the last games reported here and the ones just completed, it is impossible to report them all. For that reason, I intend to throw together a summary.

Bobby Hewitt has really grabbed the bull by the horns in his capacity as Floor Hockey Commissioner and has kept things rolling at a pretty good clip. He has had a minimum of beefs or bitches from the players... In fact he has done such a tremendous job and shown such a great amount of interest for the good of the inmate that he has acquired a more demanding position for his pains. Bobby is now Inmate Sports Commissioner as well as a member of the Sports Committee..... This means that he will be in control of all sports being played within the institution - along with working on all other activities that come up.

BRONCOS CONTINUE MASTERY OF LEAGUE

The Broncos, led by Huntington, have run rough shod over the rest of the league, going down to defeat only twice in seventeen games.

Their power is evident by the fact that they have no less than six men in the top ten scorers. However the biggest plus for their team is the

fact that they play together as a unit, not as individuals - and with the "Red-head" as a team leader, as well as the top scorer, they have jelled into what could be called "The Big Red Machine".. It's going to take a lot of work by the other clubs to topple them from the top of the league.

The Bears, who started out well, have been hit lately by injuries and an awful lot of transfers and their club has been riddled badly. Most notable was the loss of Spoon and Yeoman who were their leading scorers...Young has attempted to fill the gap, and take over as team leader, but so far the team is playing haphazardly. As evidence we see the 20 to 9 pasting the Broncos hung on them - and things are going to get worse before they get better because Young is scheduled for the hospital in the near future (he's only playing on one leg now!) and as he is the league's No. 2 scorer, this will put a dint in the entire league.

Both the Flyers and the Eagles have reasons for their low positions in the standings - but it isn't because of a lack of desire. Rather it is because they come from the non-static populace and haven't played as many games. Also a point that hurts them is the fact that as soon as they transfer to the static population, they are pressed into service with the other clubs - and the Flyers and Eagles have to start all over building a new team.

The biggest disappointment of the

whole season so far has been the lack of interest shown by the rest of the population.

It seems that the majority of the non-players would rather sit on their duffs in front of the boob tube watching some cops and robbers show or Rhoda's wedding than going out to the gym for a couple of hours to watch some good, hard-hitting and exciting floor hockey (I had to use the name "floor hockey" because the hockey games we've seen lately have the same effect as a sleeping pill!)

Spectators may not seem important to some, but, remember - the less we use the facilities, whether it be to watch or participate, then the powers-that-be figure the less we need them - and God only knows that recreation has been the one thing in institutions that has saved many a guy from climbing the walls.

LEAGUE STANDINGS (as of 7 Dec.74)

	P	W	L	T	PTS
BRONCOS	17	14	2	1	29
BEARS	14	6	7	1	13
FLYERS	10	2	7	1	5
EAGLES	9	2	7	0	4

TOP SCORERS

PLAYER	TEAM	POINTS
HUNTINGTON	BRONCOS	110
YOUNG	BEARS	45
WHITE	BRONCOS	40
G. PETERS	BRONCOS	23
M. HEPBURN	BRONCOS	21
DILLON	BEARS	15
VENT	BEARS	15
VOLPE	BRONCOS	12
KING	FLYERS	12
R. PETERS	BEARS	11
R. HEPBURN	BRONCOS	10

"INTO THE FUTURE or THE NUTS ARE LOOSE!"

In an earlier edition, I came out with some fearless predictions - and was accused by some guy named "Ed." of being off my gourd!

Well, Ed., I don't want to bring the light of hoof-and-mouth disease upon thy skull, but Montreal not only won the Eastern half of the C.F.L., but they also whomped the Westerners (rumour has it that all the "Angrinuts" fans are going to defect to the W.F.L.!)

[You had to go and say it, didn't you? (Ed.)]

But to show that I'm democratic in my thinking (also that misery likes company) I've got the opinion of several other forecasters (Grandstand quarter - backs and coaches) to see what they think about the upcoming Stanley Cup race, and the results of the AFC * NFC Super Bowl - and here they are:

The majority picked Philadelphia to repeat in the battle for the Stanley Cup. The next choice was the Bruins of Beantown. Birmingham was the only one to pick Buffalo - and he was very strong in his statement (" They'll beat anyone around for the Cup!"). Most of the experts (?????) figured that Bobby Fulford's Kings from L.A. would provide the competition in the finals, but would come up short.

The division champs seemed to be easily agreed on.

Nine out of ten picked the Flyers while the lone disenter (Birmingham) chose the Rangers (my choice too, by the way. Montreal mustered five supporters for their division and the L.A. Kings polled the other five.

Buffalo also grabbed half the picks for their division. Boston latched on to four selections while the biggest Leaf fan of all " Butterball Hepburn" , who

says his idol is Eddie Shack, throws his weight (and there is a lot there) with the Toronto squad. The remaining division was evenly split between Vancouver and Chicago, five for each.

As for the Super Bowl, the difference of opinions ran wild, with no less than six teams being called as winners: Miami (3), L.A. Rams (3), Minnesota, Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

Those picking Miami seemed to think that their Bowl experience would be the key to victory, while the Rams' fans figured their club would be hungrier.. The Pittsburgh rooter was strong on bench strength and the defence of his club. The Minnesota Viking backer kept mentioning "The Purple People Eaters"(Strange! I always thought that was a song!) while I think the guy who called St. Louis figured that we were talking about baseball!

In next month's version we will have ten more members of "Swamis Anonymous" step forward with their peerless picks - and give you a final analysis of what could be called "Inside Picks".



More interesting and
thought-provoking gems
from the mail bag.

Dear Abie:

My husband has been acting very strange lately. He has taken to eating with Bozo, our Irish Setter. He eats out of the same dish and barks very loudly if I don't give him his Puppy-Pops. I'm worried! Won't this hurt his stomach?

Dog Sitter

DEAR DOGGIE:

NOT AS MUCH AS BEING HIT BY A FIVE TON TRUCK IF HE TAKES TO CHASING
CARS :

Dear Abie:

My problem is I'm a very feminine-looking man. Because I'm so small, big guys are always bothering me. What can I do about it?

Francis

DEAR FRAN:

EITHER FIGHT OR SWISH!

Dear Abie:

I have always wanted to be a professional hockey player and make a lot of money. Unfortunately, I can't skate too well and I abhor violence.. What can I do about it?

Ambitious

DEAR AMB:

HAVE YOU TRIED THE " LEAFS "? THEY SEEM TO HAVE HIRED QUITE A FEW WITH YOUR QUALIFICATION.

Dear Abie:

You've helped so many people find their niche in life, I thought I would write.

I'm nearly forty, not huskily built and every job I've been on I've been fired for sitting around, talking and doing nothing. As I have to have money to survive, I hope you might be able to suggest something.

Unemployed

DEAR UN:

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF BEING A POLITICIAN? THEY DO WHAT YOU DO BEST - AND GET PAID FOR IT!

Dear Abie:

I have finally come up with a sugar substitute in my experiments. Unfortunately, although it has all the qualities and looks of sugar, it also has to effects of marijuana. I don't know what to do as it only cost twenty five cents to manufacture. Any suggestions?

Professor Sakareen

DEAR PROF:

START OVER ! BY THE WAY: BEING A CHEMIST, I'M CURIOUS WHERE YOU WENT WRONG. SO SEND ME A COPY OF YOUR FORMULA!

Dear Abie:

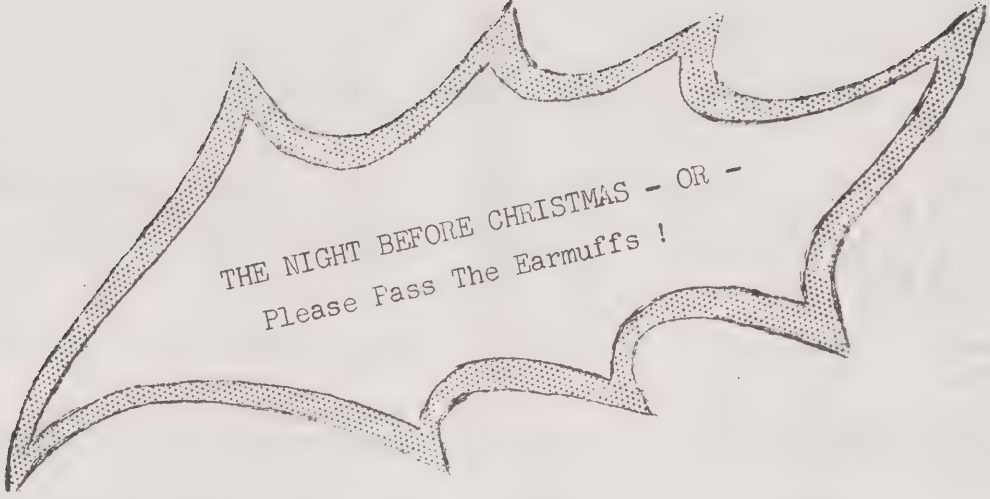
Just a few lines to let you know I'm doing fine and settled down in my new job. My leaving didn't cause you any hardships, I hope.

#184654

DEAR OLD #184

NO HARDSHIPS, BUT THOSE DAMNED SIRENS NEARLY DEAFENED ME! BY THE WAY, WHERE IS SAN QUENTION?

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - OR -
Please Pass The Earmuffs !

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND ALL THROUGH THE JOINT
EVERYONE WAS YELLING AND ARGUING THE POINT;
THE RADIO WAS BLASTING, THE STATIC WAS HELL,
AND THE CON UP ABOVE ME WAS PACING HIS CELL.
TWO OTHERS WERE SINGING AND BEATING THE FLOOR,
AND THE GUY DOWN BELOW WAS YELLING FOR MORE.
" SING IT AGAIN," YELLED THE FELLOW IN NINE,
" GIVE US A CHORUS OF SWEET ADELINE!"
THEN THE FELLOW NEXT DOOR HAMMERED HARD ON HIS BED,
AND I FELT LIKE A BOMB WOULD EXPLODE IN MY HEAD;
WHO SAID "PEACE ON EARTH", TOLD A HELL OF A TALE,
FOR I KNOW HE HAS NEVER SPENT A CHRISTMAS IN JAIL!
" LET'S RATTLE THE BARS," SHOUTED SOMEONE IN THREE,
AND, I MUTTERED " OH, LORD! PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON ME."
I PRAYED FOR FIVE MINUTES OF QUIET AND BLISS,
THEN I CURSED THAT THE JUDGE HADN'T TOLD ME OF THIS.
" LISTEN, YOU DOPE!", SCREAMED THE FELLOW IN FOUR,
" STOP THROWING THOSE ORANGE PEELS IN FRONT OF MY DOOR!"
THE CRUNCHING OF PEANUTS, THE CRACKLING OF SHELLS,
THE RATTLE OF PAPER THROUGHOUT ALL OF THE CELLS.
" MY BAG'S PRETTY BIG!" SAID A GUY DOWN ON ONE,
AND A WISE-ACRE ANSWERED " YOU MARRIED HER, SON!"
A MUSICAL APE PLAYED A TUNE ON HIS SINK,
AND SOMEBODY HOLLERED, " GIVE IT A DRINK."
I STOOD ON MY FEET AND I STARTED TO PACE,
AND I SHOUGHT ABOUT HOME AND THE OLD FIREPLACE.
AND HOW SANTA CLAUS WOULD COME OUT IN THE NIGHT,
AND FILL ALL THE STOCKINGS WITH THINGS OF DELIGHT.
THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, A LIGHT SEEMED TO BLINK,
AND I GOT AN IDEA - AS QUICK AS A WINK.
DID I HANG UP MY STOCKINGS OUTSIDE OF MY DOOR -
LIKE I DID AS A KID IN THE OLD DAYS OF YORE?
AH, NO! BUT I TOOK THOSE OLD STOCKINGS INSTEAD,
AND CRAFTILY PULLED THEM OVER MY HEAD.
THUS BLOCKING MY EARS 'TILL I HEARD NOT A PEEP,
THEN SLOWLY AND SURELY, I DRIFTED TO SLEEP.

(Anonymous)

THE MASTER TOUCH

"twas battered and scarred and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
But, he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar? Now, who'll make it two?
Two dollars! And who'll make it three?"

"Three dollars, three dollars twice,
Going for three !" - But, no!
From the room, far back, a gray haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow.

Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up all of the strings
He played a melody pure and sweet -
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars! Who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice -
And going, and gone," said he.

The people cheered but some of them said
"We do not quite understand."
"What changed its worth?". The man replied
"The touch of the master's hand!"

And many a person, with life out of tune
And battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game - and they travel on;
They're going once, and going twice,
They're going - and almost gone!

But the Master comes forth and the foolish crowd,
Never can quite understand -
The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought,
By THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND.

THE THINK TANK

Reprinted from CHANGING TIMES (December 1973)

—OR— A TOILET BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET

It recently occurred to me that of all the possessions that man has encumbered himself with on this earth, by far the most forgotten and neglected is the toilet.

I wonder why this is so.

Could it be that we take it too much for granted? True, as long as it functions properly, we never do seem to notice it. It is just there!

But I don't believe that this is the whole reason for our negligence of a truly remarkable mechanism. No, I believe that deep down inside we are embarrassed by it. We never mention it in polite conversation. Occasionally, at a party or family gathering, you'll hear one of the guests inquire the direction of "the little girls room" or "the little boys room" - but that's about as far as we'll ever go.

You never hear a conversation such as:

" The wife and I bought a new toilet today, Fred."

" Oh, ya! What one did you get?"

" It's the 1974 Streamline Silent Flush with a four barrel refill tank."

" Oh, Wow! What colour did you get?"

" Passion pink with white racing stripes. You know wher!"

" Hey, man. That must've set you back a few bucks, eh?"

" Ya, but what the hell - nothing 's too good for Edna and the kids."

People just do not talk about toilets like that.

But, why not? What's the matter with toilets? Why should they be any more repulsive than the family car for instance? A lot of people still do not possess a family car: but how many do you know who do not own a family toilet, or a reasonable facsimile thereof?

I do not think that I have to answer that question to demonstrate our almost universal reliance on the toilet.



Have you ever thought for even a minute, though, of how much of the world's truly inspired and creative thinking originates from within the hallowed walls of a water closet? The percentage must be astronomical! Where do you think the idea for this article

first came to the lively mind of this writer? You guessed it! And why not?? Where else can a person find the solitude and peace necessary for the creative juices to flow?



It is staggering to postulate how many of the world's greatest thinkers, writers and philosophers who have shaken the thinking, writing and philosophizing of this planet originally felt the first flush of creativity on this common throne of knowledge that we refer to as the toilet. (Sometimes a second or third flush is necessary to fully develop a particularly troublesome idea fully!)

It is when one considers the toilet in this light that one begins to realize the full implications of its impact on history. So let us delve back into time and consider for a moment just where we might be today were it not for the lowly toilet.



The modern flush toilet has not always been. It was preceded by a whole series of less successful ancestors.

First there was the bush (what was Moses doing when the bush began to burn?). Then there was the ditch (Have you taken note that the art of ditch-digging has died out in recent years?). Most recently there was the outhouse (I never was sure what was down there!)

Some of these forbears are still in limited use today. (I will acknowledge at this point that some of my readers are alarmed about the absence from the above list of "The Thunderbowl.") Suffice it to say that I am aware of the contribution of this remarkably amiable invention. It deserves special attention, however, and will be dealt with in a latter issue - if indeed there is a later issue!



Let us deal with the outhouse....a curiosity which is swiftly vanishing from our lives - and one whose passing a lot of us will sorrowfully mourn.

Outhouses functioned before plumbing came into wide and popular usage.... They served the purpose and have a history dating back to the earliest settlements in North America.

Is it not possible to conceive that Benjamin Franklin might have felt the first birth pangs of the Declaration Of

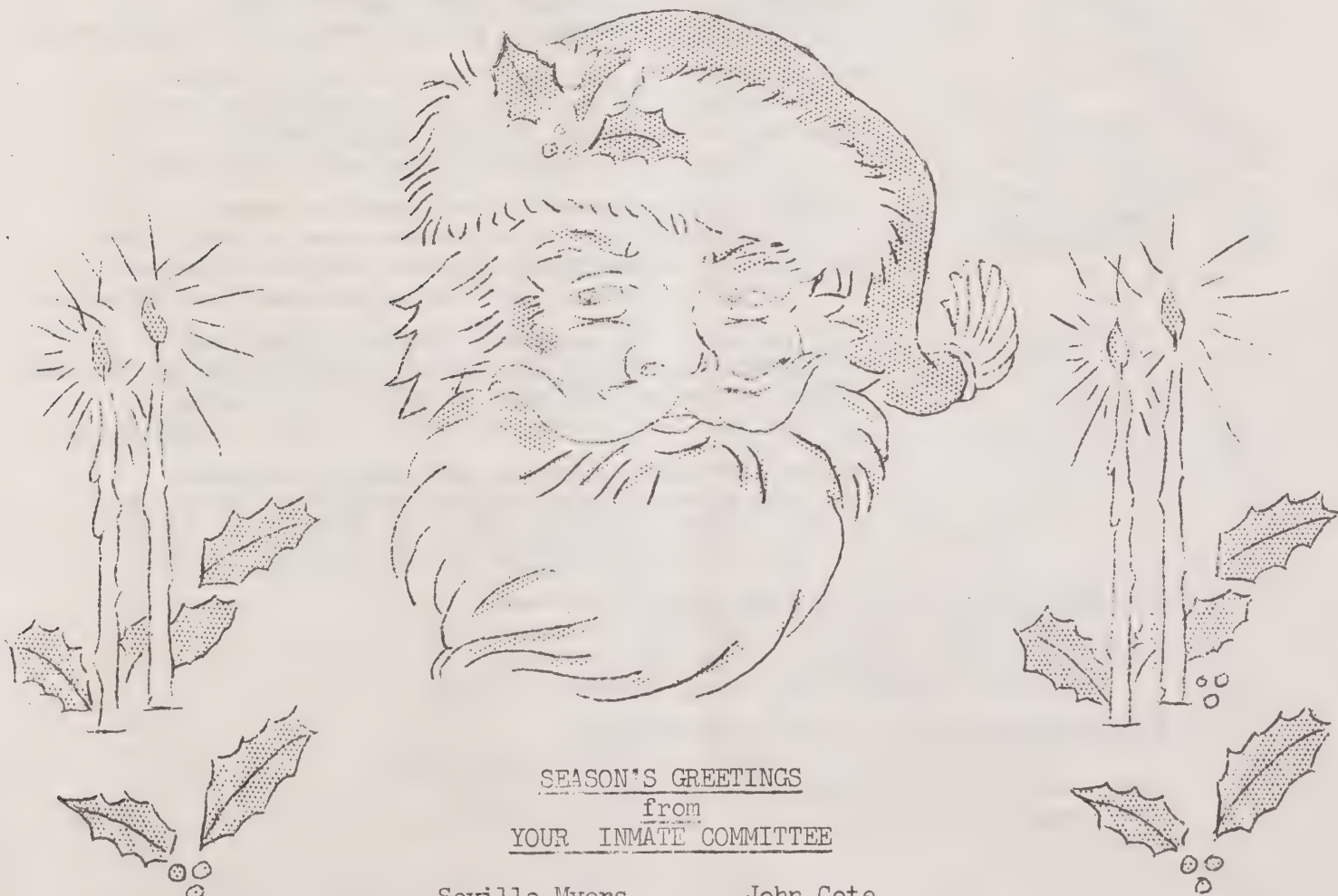
Independence within the confines of his own personal outhouse? (Ben had a two - seater, being a naturally sociable man [Historical note]). Above all, this was one of the major advantages of the outhouse. Although it was primitive, it was able to oprovide multiple accomodation. (The largest outhouse I personally ever heard of could seat six people who knew each other very well - or one prude!)... Group discussion were, therefore, not only feasible - but quite frequent!..... Ideas were exchanged and new theories tried out with such success that America today is the most prosperous nation on earth.

It is high time that we showed more respect to those marvels of modern technology. Why must we be ashamed to acknowledge even their existence? We must put an end to the shameful exploitation of these friends of humanity.

What exploitation, you ask? As if you didn't know!

I mean, of course, the pay toilet. Any practice that takes advantage of human suffering for financial gain is undeniably undemocratic. Down with pay toilets! It's time to stand up for our rights! (Not you, lady!)

So, let's stop fooling ourselves. Let's start calling a spade a spade.....! After all, something would be sadly missing from our lives if the toilet was ever to disappear from our culture!



Seville Myers

John Cote

PASS THE LINIMENT AND TAPE...SANTA'S IN AN AWFUL SHAPE!!!

"twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
There were empties and butts, left around by some louse
And the best quart I'd hid by the chimney with care
Had been swiped by some bum, who'd discovered it there.

My guests all had long since been poured in their beds
To wake in the morning with lead in their heads
My mouth, full of cotton, hung down to my lap
Because I was dying for one more nightcap.

When through the north window there came such a clatter
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter
I gasped as I counted eight frisky reindeer
Pulling a truckload of extra-dry beer.



The wrinkled old driver had the look of a hick
But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick
Staggering onward, these eight reindeer came
While he hiccoughed, belched and called them by name.

"On Schenley! On Seagram! We ain't got all night
You too Haig and Haig, you too Black and White
Scram up on this roof, get off of this wall
Get going you dummies, we've got a long haul.

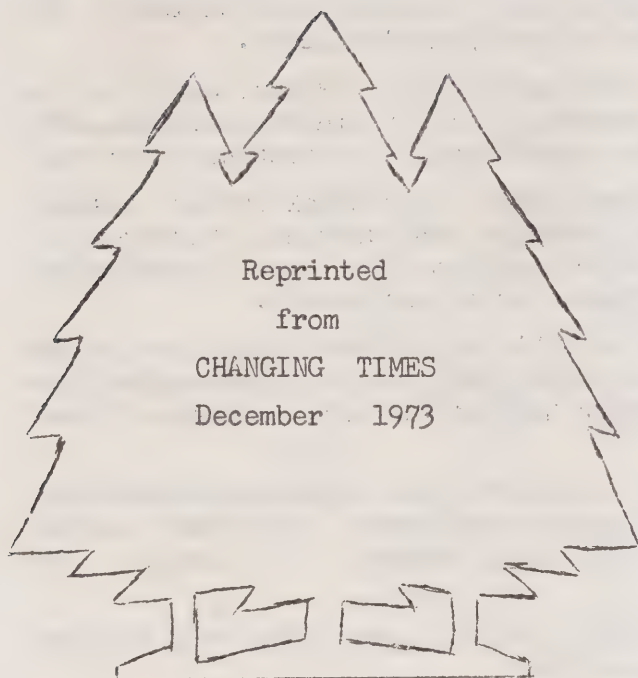
So up on the roof went the reindeer and truck
But a tree branch hit Santa before he could duck
And then, in a twinkling, I heard from the shingles
An ear splitting oath that I knew was Kris Kringles.

So I pulled in my head and I cocked a sharp ear
Down the chimney he plunged landing smack on his rear
He was dressed up in furs, no cuffs on his pants
And the way the guy squirmed, I guess he had ants.

He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back
And a breath that'd blow a train off the track
He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right
But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work
And missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk
Then putting five fingers to the end of his nose
He gave me the bird - up the chimney he rose!

He sprang for his truck at so hasty a pace
That he tripped on a gable and slid on his face
But I heard him burp back, with a trace of a leer -
"Merry Christmas to all, and a rousing New Year!"



LAST

THOUGHTS

As a heavy silence took possession of the small room, the old Priest made an attempt to cool his heated forehead by reating it against the stone wall, knowing full well that he was unable to ease the tension that was mounting inside the youth. The fingers of his right hand wandered aimlessly through his grey, close-cropped hair and his eyes filled with tenderness as he recalled the day - exactly eighteen years

ago yesterday - the day he had held this boy in his arms and christened him.. And now today! His left hand grasped the prayer book just a little tighter as his lips voiced the silent words, "So young, So young."

The youth in question, his face pale and glistening with small beads of perspiration, was pacing restlessly in the narrow confined space..... Backwards and forwards he went, taking quick, nervous gulps at the cigarette bobbing up and down between a pair of almost clenched lips. His nostrils twitched as he snorted hot tasteless smoke into twin, viciously spiralling jets that rose and almost encased his head in a swirling cloud of blue.

A big, heavy-set man, his arms folded across his chest and his legs stretched out in front of him, sat on a small stool beside the closed door, and watched through calm, untroubled eyes. He had been all through this many times before. He knew it simply was a matter of time. No use getting all tensed up and excited.....It was only as the final moments approached that his blood usually turned to the equivalent of water. He took a quick glance at his watch and, in answer to the questioning look in the youth's eyes said, "Ten more minutes, kid!".. His voice sounded extra loud in the

otherwise silent room.

"All right! All right! You don't have to put it that way," snapped the youth as he paused, took out a handkerchief and wiped his glistening face. "It's fine for you. Once we go through that door.....!"

"Don't worry, my son," intoned the Priest in a voice that was soft and gentle. He placed his arms protectingly around the youth's shoulders and continued...." They all feel this way as the time draws near. Now, I've got to leave for a little while. But I shall be back soon."

The youth watched mutely as the Priest walked away on silent feet in the direction of the door. It opened and closed quickly - but not quickly enough to prevent the youth's straining, sensitive ears from catching the muffled murmur of voices and the sound of shuffling feet.

"God!," he cried, "I wish it was all over. Nothing could be any worse than all this waiting. Please, make the time pass a little faster."

A slight smile crossed the ruddy complexioned face of the man beside the door as he said, " It's all your own doing, Kid. You made your choice." His voice was void of any note of compassion for the youth's plight.

" Sure, I made the choice." The youth mopped his brow once again as his voice broke under the strain. " Maybe someday you'll be in my position...Then see how you feel!" Snapping his fingers spasmodically, he continued pacing.

The door opened and the Priest entered, his long cassock partly covered with a snow-white alb. Glancing at the youth, he bent down and whispered a few words to the heavy set man, who rose to his feet. The youth trembled as he asked, " Is it.....? The old head nodded in silent assent.

The boy turned and took a final look at his pale, perspiring face in the mirror and smoothed his already glistening hair with his long, twitching fingers. The heavy set man came over and took hold of his arm, saying...."Come on, Kid. Let's go."

They stood beside the open door for a moment. The murmuring voices died a sudden death so that only a hushed silence greeted them. The youth looked up at the man and, with a sickly grin on his face, asked, " You sure you got the ring?"

Then, as the opening notes swelled out from the organ, they walked slowly to their respective places before the altar.

AN OPEN LETTER

Brantford, Ontario
November 24, 1974

Administration of the
Kingston Penitentiary
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

While cleaning, I came across this 1973 calendar. I have seen very good prison art displayed at a local store earlier this year and thought that the beautiful pictures of my "old country" might be an inspiration to your talented men.

If you wish, I could send also this year's calendar next January. Is it possible to buy a painting directly from you? I'd love to own a painting of the mountains, trees and an alp hut. Just a real nice fall scenery.

I have been living in Canada for twenty one years and I like it here. But the new calendar at Christmas sent to me by my family still awakens a bit of homesickness.

And now, I wish your painters lots of success and who knows, maybe I'll see some of their completed work displayed in our town.

Yours truly

(Mrs.)

EDITOR'S NOTE

ANYONE WISHING TO FOLLOW UP ON THIS REQUEST, OR DESIROUS OF FURTHER INFORMATION, IS ASKED TO CONTACT THE LIBRARIAN, MR. M.R. CLARKE, OR BOB, THE INMATE EDITOR.



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